

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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Does Any One Want War?

Christian Science Monitor.

"In time of peace, prepare for war," is a saying that seems to have been fixed in our mind. If, indeed, there was ever a time when there was an excuse for its having been offered for the favorable consideration of a civilized people. Too often it appears as if the good counsel, which no doubt the words were originally intended to convey, is interpreted to mean, "In time of peace prepare for war by thinking war, talking war, and by constantly having and almost insisting on having war." Countries as well as individuals are most likely to find that for which they are looking. The man or nation that is seeking for trouble is no likely to seek always in vain. While it takes two to make a quarrel, one of the parties thereto can, if he will, do more than his half in bringing it about.

No fact regarding the behavior and welfare of men seems more clearly established than that the carrying of weapons of defense gets men into trouble more frequently than it helps them out. Nations possessing the means for prosecuting a war—strong and growing armies and navies—often unconsciously gravitate toward war. It would be almost as reasonable to give a boy a knife and expect that he will never use it to whittle as to expect a nation to have an overpowering strong war equipment and to make no use of it. The frequency with which "war talk" creeps into the American newspapers leads the peace-lovers of this country who are said to be rapidly increasing in numbers to ask the question, Is there any one in the United States today who is eager for war for the sake of having war? If there is it would help to clarify matters, no doubt, if he were to stand forth and honestly to declare his position. An honest apprehension of war, no matter how exaggerated and absurd, may be looked upon as an error of judgment, and may be an incentive for those holding such views to seek to have their nation prepare for what they believe to be an impending conflict, but to talk war for the purpose of creating war is a monstrous proceeding utterly out of harmony with all the humane attributes that are presumed to be the legacy of a higher civilization.

It is reassuring that in opposition to the ones who at times seem to be inviting war for war's sake, there is another splendid body of men who are seeking to have the nation rest upon the principle, "In time of peace, prepare for maintaining peace." If the moral evolution of the race is to go forward, nations must be sometimes, as individuals in the more civilized lands are now, very much restricted in the use of guns.

The Inside of a Comet

Washington Star.

The earth, swinging out from the point of intersection, and the comet, swinging in toward the point of intersection, find themselves on a straight line with the sun, about which both turn in opposite directions. Halley's comet, for the first time in history, will be directly between us and the sun, at a distance of only 14,000,000 miles from us.

Such will be the distance of that white hot head, as big as forty four earths, but its tail will be pointing straight at us. And, according to Andre, that tail will be 62,000,000 miles long.

The rest is plain subtraction. Fourteen from sixty five; we shall be in it up to the neck. Or, rather, up to its waist or shoulders.

Every one knows what happens to a comet going round the sun. It arrives head first, but a violent gust of light pours forever out of the sun, equal to 12,000 horsepower per square foot. Under its terrific scorching blast the comet's head boils, throwing vast volumes of gas into the coma and damnable molten lumps into the tail, and as it swings round the sun and recedes it has the light gale at its back. It blows the tail right over the comet's head—and so it rushes off into space, tail first, like a locomotive's searchlight.

The sun will blow this searchlight straight at us May 18, when the head of Halley's comet is directly between us—79,000,000 miles from the sun and only 14,000,000 miles from the earth. It will blow on us and away past us.

On that day, when we are in line, the sun will really be eclipsed by the comet. Those of us on the proper side of the world will see an unknown sight—a comet from the inside. It will be altogether different from the same comet seen the day before or after, and Andre warns Parisians: "You must not be astonished if it shows an aspect as strange and stranger than anything here before seen." On May 29 the comet will be still nearer to us—before we part, each going in an opposite sense; but the sun will then be blowing its tail to one side of us again.

The Serpent's Tongue.

Walt Mason in Boston Transcript.

He should be boiled in oil, or hung, the agent with the serpent's tongue. He sells me traps I do not need; he sells me books no man would read; he sold a combination fork which drives a nail or pulls a cork, with which he said, a man might shove, or shine his shoes, or dig a grave. He should be through the treason flung, the agent with the serpent's tongue. I'm always paying hard-earned cash for patent lamps or other trash for music racks that are no good; for toilet soap that's made of wood, for dentifrice that doesn't dent, for fountain pens not worth a cent; for evermore I'm being stung by agents with the serpent's tongue. Each time I'm stung I vow a vow: "I'm done for good with agents now; I'll buy my doodads at the store, and chain old Towner by the door, and if an agent should arrive, he will not leave the place alive." Alas! There is no dodging fate! He's laying for me at the gutter at my approach he will produce "The Life and Works of Captain Looney," or that illuminating book, "The Voyages of Dr. Cook, With Maps and Charts Which Fully Show the Places Where He Didn't Go." The lid upon him should be sprung—the agent with the serpent's tongue!

Small Talks

MAYOR FERN—Yes, I do think it is a fine thing to have an auto.

JOE COHEN—No, sir, those Democrats can't steal my tander.

MANAGER CONGDON—We'll soon have those new telephones in operation.

HENRY M'RAE—This place just suits me. I'd like to come here every year.

HARRY ARMITAGE—Reports from the plantations certainly are highly encouraging.

PERELSTROUS—The Russians will all go to work within a very few days. Mark my words.

CHARLIE ROSE—No, I am not a candidate for Jarrett's job. I shall run again for deputy sheriff.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD—Patriotism is a fine thing, but I can't see that it alters the fact that we need some ships.

LIGHTFOOT—Perelstous deceived the Russians. The Russians deceived me. They deceived each other. Please express my opinion of them in blanks.

GOVERNOR FREAR—I think that if the Russians acted as individuals, each on his own initiative, they might be satisfactory here. But they don't.

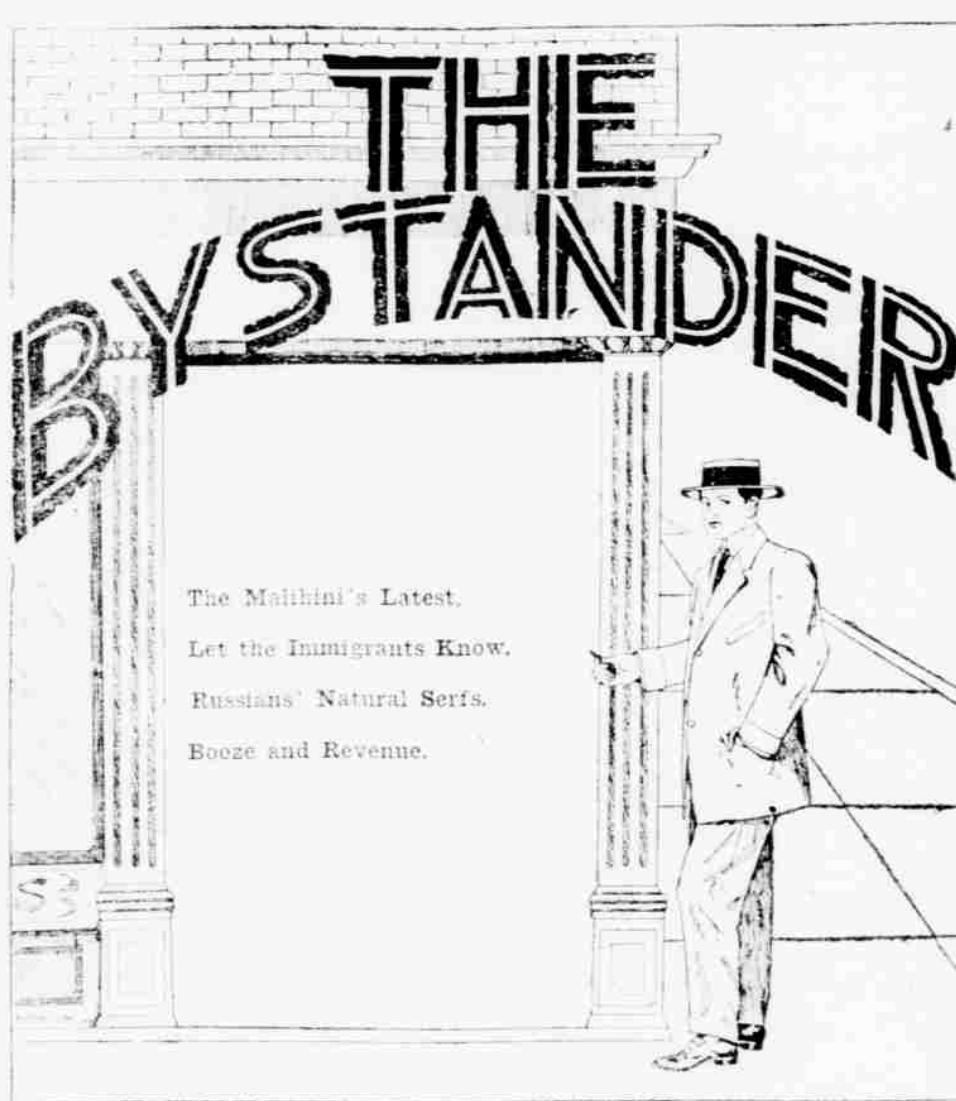
SHERIFF JARRETT—The Mayor and I went around the Island in the Mayor's auto. But there was no politics in it. Of course, we couldn't help seeing notes.

PROFESSOR SCOTT—Baskinville, in its palmy days, was never as wide open as is lawless a town as is Baskin today. Baskin contains the scourgings of the criminal world of Russia.

JOE C. COHEN—With the new federation ready to import high class art treasures and the board of immigration importing a whole lot of them, the character of Baskinville might be good.

Doughter—Did you have a fish much, mamma, before you caught papa?

Mother—Fish, my dear fish? I was busy hunting—M. A. P.



The Malihini's Latest.

Let the Immigrants Know.

Russians' Natural Serfs.

Booze and Revenue.

That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," appears to be applicable to the malihini who writes letters in the call about local matters of which he has little knowledge. The malihini now criticizes Honolulu for lacking public drinking fountains. He has failed to discover that the board of health, for the past quarter of a century has placed the ban upon public drinking water fountains. The reason is obvious and particulars as to why need not be given here. Drinking cups for the public are not wanted in Honolulu. This proposition is backed up by the board of health, the medical fraternity, and all the intelligent class of residents. However, the W. C. T. U. has attended to the drinking water want at the Y. M. C. A. corner where a "spouting" fountain has been installed. This is a sort of catch-as-catch-can method of slaking one's thirst. The school department has been puzzled for years as to a method of giving the children drinking water without opening the way to transmittal diseases. The only device that seems successful is the "trough" placed in the yard, where streams spout upward the water to be caught in the child's open mouth, the residue floating off the trough and into a waste pipe. With the occasional presence of glanders and other animal ailments the public horse trough has not been a prominent feature, and few owners of valuable horse flesh care to permit their horses and mules to drink where every other horse and mule can be watered. The difficulty is obviated by the use of buckets. The malihini will learn about local conditions, if he stays here long enough.

Why not print, in full detail and plain language, the offers that can be made to intending immigrants to Hawaii, in such places as Harbin, Funchal, or wherever agents of the Territory seek to secure settlers? The terms which can be offered here are fairly definite. Why should a lot of immigrants be able to come here and claim after arrival that they were promised a lot of things not possible of fulfillment? I wonder why Adkinson and Perelstous didn't adopt the simple expedient of putting in Russian type a clear statement of what the wages were to be, what might be expected in the way of opportunities for getting land, what prices for home supplies would be, etc. Give each immigrant a copy of a circular setting forth these things, and there could be no dispute after they got here. It may be objected that such a document might make trouble under the federal laws, as holding out promises to encourage immigration. But the promises were held out anyhow, I am told that some of the Portuguese brought here by Stackable claim that they have not got what they expected. If they had had the prospects given to them in black and white there could be no kick. That is the business way to conduct the business of securing immigrants.

The Russian pilikia suggests an explanation of why the people of Russia remain serfs, and have a Duma that is a mere farce. I am of the opinion that a good Russian lung with a blacksnake could get the whole force of immigrants now on Quarantine Island to work in an hour, and that their work would be good, and further that they would settle down, satisfied, become prosperous and eventually develop a fine class of citizens—were it possible to use just for a time the blacksnake method of starting them to work. This view is a most radical departure from my usual democratic ideas and my even socialistic prejudice against any kind of curtailment of human freedom or any attempt at coercion of labor. Of course, I wouldn't for anything advise that the Russians be forced to work. I merely express the view that it would be a good thing for them if they were so forced. They are used to being commanded, and there is no one to command them. They are not used to being consulted and asked what they want to do, and can not decide when asked. They are helpless. If they once go to work and get a start, they will prove good laborers, and in time good citizens. Supposing that they do so, in that delectable coming political campaign when Sam Johnson takes the stump and talks the language which, from its sounds, seems to me very properly associated with sneezes and whistles—in that campaign, if I have an issue all I want with the Russian vote is the last word, and I want to have it just when they start to vote.

If there was ever an "argument" that betrayed the inability to reason of the man who makes it, it is the old one of the loss of revenue through the enforcement of prohibition. The man who will seriously advance the plea that by cutting off the revenues from the sale of booze licenses any community is money out of pocket, ought to go over and swear himself in as a follower of the Russian agitators. He is quaffed. In my opinion it would be quite as sensible to import some mad dogs in order to make business through the sale of manacles as to license saloons in order to collect the license fees, and I am not a rabid prohibitionist either. No business man of the least business sense would hesitate for a minute in cutting out some branch of his business in which the expense exceeded the income, and there is no community on earth, from Kilauea to Timbuctoo, in which the expense to the community of the liquor traffic does not exceed all that is ever collected in license fees and fines. This is so plainly the case that I wonder every time I hear the loss of revenue luncheon that any one dares suggest it as an argument and expect to be taken seriously. Yet it is the anti-prohibition argument oftener advanced.

Pauperism in Russia

St. Petersburg Zaprachy Zhizny.

It is known that the comparatively high-priced food products, like meat, butter, eggs, flour, etc., are used in much smaller quantities by the Russian population than by the Americans, English, Germans, French, and other civilized nations. It would seem therefore that for the proper maintenance of life the Russian would make up for this lack by a larger consumption of grain foods. But in reality the very opposite is the case. For instance, in 1904 the consumption of grain per person in the United States averaged 1945 pounds, and in Russia 600 pounds, that is, one-third of that in America. The same low level of consumption is noticeable in all other products constituting the necessities of life. The consumption of cotton per head in the United States during the same year was 29.1 pounds, and in Russia only 7.1 pounds, sugar in America 78 pounds, in Russia only 12.2 pounds, and so on. The most characteristic feature of the comparative wealth of the two countries is in the relative consumption per unit of land of rice and arborvitae. In the United States the per capita consumption of rice in 1904 was 594 pounds and of corn 8568 pounds, in Russia 45 pounds of rice and 1504 pounds of corn.

"Mister," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "have you got any old clothes you don't want?" "No, but here is an old put-mobile you may have," "Thanks, but I have enough trouble supplying my own needs, without begging gasoline from door to door."—Louisville Courier Journal.

SIDELIGHTS

VISIT THE PALACE.

Never miss an opportunity of wandering through the palace grounds when in the vicinity. And by the use of the word "wandering" is meant exactly what is said. Don't be in a hurry, and don't go straight through. And above all, let not preoccupation with the cares and problems of life—the butcher bill, and spring clothes, and church politics, and servants, and the best method of dodging an automobile, and like grave questions—cause you to forget to notice what you see.

Perhaps in the halcyon days of King Kalakaua the trip might have been more interesting, for I have heard my friends, claiming to be acquainted with the facts, say that during that period the grounds in some respects resembled the famous grove of Daphne, where Ben Hur's scheme for getting even was hatched. I am told that there was a hedge around the place then which shut out the vulgar gaze. My informants further go on to say that there were times when the luxuriant foliage then growing within the sacred precincts would yield an occasional hula girl, wearing a conventional costume.

But the modern trip is by no means dreary, and, even though grass skirts in the locality have gone out of fashion, other things, equally instructive and educational, may be observed. Groups of Hawaiians may be seen, enjoying life in an idle, easy fashion which should be envied by politicians, the owners of other kinds of machines, and those leading strenuous lives. Were I a Teddy, or a John D., or an Uncle Joe, most willingly would I welcome the advent of a wizard's wand whose waving would enable me to join in their negative joys. Brain tag from the study of the proper methods of making an economical income tax return never results from their discussions. The rickshaker is not feared in the least and indeed, I believe is never mentioned in the conversations which occur beneath the shades of Landscape Gardener Green's magnificent trees. School may keep or let out, but the Hawaiian halohalo you will meet on your trip doesn't care much which. Could he be induced to construct a motto for his resort, it certainly would read "Pau Pilikia."

Often you will meet tourists and perhaps be afforded the ever welcome opportunity of explaining to them when the edifice was constructed and the grass planted, and by whom, and the exact location of the chamber from which emanate orders and wisdom, and the utility of Lydecker's preserve, and the age of the banyan tree, and the use and abuse of the mangoes which abound, and similar stock subjects upon which we can all safely converse with a visitor, no matter how little we may know. As to the bungalow, you may make anything you want out of it, from a native house of worship to a chamber of horrors, and the money spending recipient of your knowledge, plainly showing surprise at the fact that you speak English and wear clothes, will swallow all of the secrets divulged by you in your hospitable burst of confidence.

What one does not see is often interesting and significant. In my many trips through the yard I have encountered few orientals. They appear to either fear or shun the immediate locality, and do their loafing elsewhere. I take it that through generation after generation has been planted and grown into maturity the idea that the grounds of officials are holy, and must be approached gingerly, if at all, perhaps without shoes. Search for them, if you will—you will find few.

Neither the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and library nor the Kakaako, Palama and River street joints lure all of the soldiers of our nation resident or visiting, while off duty. Many of them can be seen seated on the upholstered benches once painted green in honor of the superintendent. Indeed the grounds appear to be a favorite resting place of the enlisted man. The scenery, or a desire to protect Moty Smith or Walter Drake, or the shade, or the physical training afforded by sitting on the seats referred to, may be the cause or the attraction, but he is certainly on hand.

And on Tuesday of this week did I see the Russians gather on the premises in great numbers. I don't know whether Jack promised them rubles or dollars, or brown stone fronts, or immunity from sweat of the brow methods of acquiring black bread, or linguistic experts, or a great variety of other luxuries of life. But some one had certainly taken pains to impress upon them that the royal demesne surrounding the "palace" was to be theirs, and possession of it they had taken. And I will venture to assert, having some slight knowledge of the Hawaiian language, that not since the trees had been planted, and the queer-looking mirrors on the porticoes placed, and the throne chamber furnished, had so many consonants put in a conversational appearance as on that occasion. Perhaps the Russian may finally be pacified, and consent to become an acquisition to the Territory, and discard his whiskers and his boots and his ideas relative to financial matters,—but if he ever learns to utilize the vowels of which the Hawaiians have a monopoly, I shall consider the millennium is at hand. The only Hawaiian word I know of which sounds like it had two vowels in a total of six letters was the only one adopted by the bunch I heard on the day in question. It signified a desire to be fed, and phonetically spelled, contained two "ks," and an equal number of "ws," and "os."

And my same Tuesday trip saved me the price of a subscription to Butterick's nonunion fashion publication, for I was enabled to see all of the latest styles of Russian blouses which are the 1910 rage. They didn't exactly harmonize with the iron fence and the bandstand, but, like the governor's attractive whiskers, Russian they were, and fashionable they were. Their wearers—I mean of the blouses—were husky and looked like they might make good cane cultivators. And the blouses were fairly clean and reasonably recent in style.

And so have I gained, without cost, education along many lines.

RICHARDS VS. WATKINS.

Far be it from me to criticize the views expressed by the federal grand jury which has just been discharged with thanks and the bold signature of Marshal Hendry to a pay check, after a most strenuous and indignant productive session.

I know the cheeks will ere this have resulted in cash, and hope the indictments will in convictions. But I need make no claim to be the seventh daughter of a seventh son, and so forth, to indulge in the prediction that one of its recommendations will call down upon its head the denunciation of every advocate of temperance and prohibition in existence. And my prediction might go further, and include in the outfit whose criticism will have to be faced by License Commissioner Norman Watkins and his fellow conspirators on the grand jury, the retail liquor dealers' association. And when Theodore Richards and Charlie McCarthy join forces in a warfare you may anticipate that far will fly.

For the establishment of a club to which our enlisted protectors may resort for the purpose of helping out breweries and quenching thirst is hostile alike to the ideas of the saloon and the antisaloon league. Profits and beer will vanish through its maintenance.

It is possible that the partnership mentioned will include some keepers of blind pigs and drivers of automobiles. It certainly, in its crusade against Watkins' ideas, will have the moral backing of the gentlemen in question. And The Friend and the Honolulu Times and The Advertiser will go after Norman's scalp, and a merry time will there be. Of course, Colonel Schuyler doesn't need to care much, and won't, for he has the courage of his convictions and has been an Indian fighter, and can't be deprived of his scalp or fired from office by the petition method.

But discussions on certain other matters, formerly of public interest, have commenced to grow somewhat monotonous, and the unholly ideas of the fifty-seven day, eighty-five indictment crowd will come as a welcome relief.

They do say that a search of the court records will show the sheets of the report to have been tied together, in order to withstand attacks and the ravages of time, with pretty red, white and blue ribbon. That, of course, is a mere incident; but we may all rest assured that such a degradation of the national colors will not be overlooked during the argument. Of course, the foreman's ready answer will be that the ribbons were not intended for the club proposition, but were voted for on account of the number of bouquets handed out. That commendations of Stackable, and Hendry, and Brown, and Breckins must contain adornments other than literary will be the excuse.

But it is to be hoped that the valiant struggle will give the enlisted man his beer, if liquor is allowed to remain in Hawaii. He can not afford champagne, or servants' five-cent whisky at three dollars per bottle. And should the day come when we need protection of his hands, I don't imagine that he will fight any the less vigorously, or reflect any the less glory on his country, by reason of the fact that he has been accorded the rights to which the grand jury has said he is entitled—that of beer instead of blind-pig whisky.

READ THE ADVERTISER.

Sidelights' observatory powers are not limited to what takes place on the streets, nor to what the politicians are successfully not doing, nor to (Continued on Page Five.)